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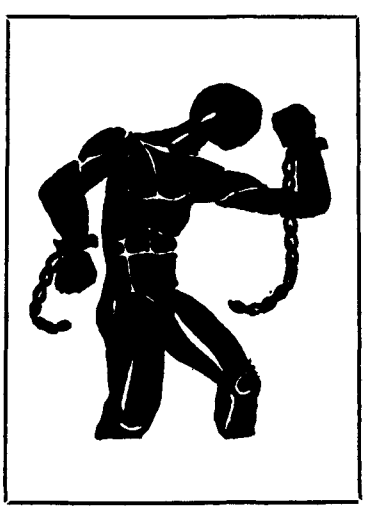
The EVOLUTION of a CATHOLIC WORKER

MANGOES DON'T GROW IN BROOKLYN
BILL THOMPSON

THE SOVIETS' UNHEALED WOUND
SAUL MALOFF

THE FATE OF A WATCHDOG
JOSEPH VOLZ

WOMEN IN AMERICAN HISTORY
A Review: JEAN B. ELSHTAIN



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NEWS & VIEWS

The Next Pope

Rumor mills having decided not only that Pope Paul will retire, but where to [News & Views, 12/25/70], it remains only to pick its successor.

The *London Sunday Times* is among the first to indicate the man. He's the Vatican Secretary of State, Jean-Marie Cardinal Villot, former bishop of Lyons.

Villot, according to the *Sunday Times,* is clearly Paul's choice for the tiara. The chief indicators: the designation of Villot as *camerlingo* (the person who takes over the papal duties between the death or resignation of one pope and the election of another); the "gift" to Villot of the Villa Barberini outside Rome; the roles assigned him in the celibacy issue and in negotiations with the Italian government on the divorce bill.

Le Monde isn't buying; the facts just don't justify the conclusion, it argues.

Besides, says *Le Monde,* if Paul really wanted Villot as his successor, the one thing he would avoid was premature designation, overt or oblique, in order not to compromise Villot's chances. Many's the man in the past who's been eased out of the papal picture by a calculated early exaltation of his suitability.

The thought is that precisely such a bit of business may be afoot at the moment in order to keep the papacy safe for an Italian, and that the *Sunday Times* may have been sucked into the strategy.

A non-Italian pope isn't the merely academic question it was a short time ago. The new decree barring cardinals over 80 from participating in papal elections has so altered what would be the composition of any consistory called soon, as to make the possibility of a non-Italian pope the most real it has been since Hadrian IV.

It is a situation sufficiently alarming to wed rightist Italian interests, clerical and secular, in the ancient tactic of elimination through celebration.

By persistently supporting the claims of some non-Italian cardinal, *Le Monde* remarks, both sides are in fact raising doubts about his suitability and slowly easing their alleged candidate out of the running, leaving the field open for the election of an Italian pope.

Villot, it seems, is the most obvious of non-Italian *papabili,* so he is the first to be "processed." Others will get theirs later, presumably.

How Goeth Vietnam?

Just whom do you credit on Sir Robert Thompson's findings during his most recent mission to Vietnam for President Nixon to study the progress of Vietnamization?

According to the Dec. 3 *New York Times,* the famed British authority on guerrilla warfare came back deeply pessimistic.

"Despite some successes in pacification," the *Times* cited Sir Robert, ". . . there has been a general failure in police and intelligence efforts aimed at eliminating Vietcong apparatus in the country." The *Times* added that "his new conclusions seem to question the validity of the pacification and Vietnamization programs, including Operation Phoenix."

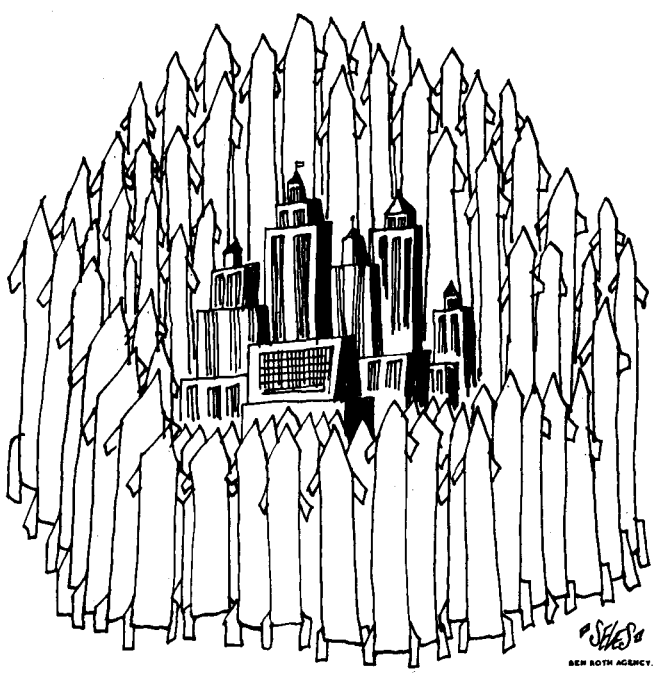
Time magazine [Dec. 14] reported precisely the opposite. "Sir Robert said in London that he was 'cautiously optimistic' a year ago," *Time* recalled. "Now he concludes: 'The Vietnamization and pacification programs are no longer fragile. They are no longer vulnerable to any enemy action.' "

The *New York Times* on Dec. 15 got around to publishing the bright-side version of Sir Robert's alleged findings, but did not back away from its Dec. 3 report. "Sir Robert declined to deal specifically with this report," its story said.

Where does that leave the public? Which report is it to believe?

That's what Senator Walter Mondale would like to know. He's asked Nixon to make the Thompson study public. The reports circulating "raise serious question about the whole structure of pacification and Vietnamization," Mondale remarked, and "cast doubt on any promise to bring all our men home in the near future."

It's a point well taken—and clinched by recalling the President to himself on the need for the American people to "have the full truth" about Vietnam.



Seles, *Magyar Szo,* Yugoslavia

Heaven on Earth

Andrew Greeley counsels in the *New Republic* to "take heart from the heartland." But leave it to some to take too much heart. Like Howard A. Eilar. He says in his book *Jesus, Father of Jehovah* that the world has already come to an end and that the former Earth is nothing less that the Heaven of the Universe. Indiana is Greater Mount Zion, and Chicago is the biblical new Jerusalem and capital city of Heaven.

Everyone knows that's pretty silly.

The heartland isn't the new Jerusalem.

Washington is the new Jerusalem, and God lives at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Why just the other day they put a chapel in the Pentagon, with high priest Melvin Laird performing the ritual. "In a sense, this ceremony marks the completion of the Pentagon," Laird sermonized, "for until now this building lacked a place where man's inner spirit could find quiet expression."

And the archangels, cherubim and seraphim cried ceaselessly in one voice, "Holy, holy, holy."

"Though we cling to the principle that church and state should be separate," Laird intoned, "we do not propose to separate man from God."

Amen, amen.

The rite took place in the Pentagon's A-Ring.

The kingdom had indeed come. JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Right Scene, Wrong Sponsor

Minneapolis, Minn.

To the Editors: Your November 20 issue carried an article by Robert B. Miller, describing a conference held in Minneapolis last June, dealing with sex education and involving personally invited professional people. The article states that the conference was "sponsored by the American Lutheran Church Headquarters." Although two staff persons from ALC offices had joined with two other individuals in the letter of invitation, the meeting was in no sense sponsored by the Church nor was it representative of the Church's national leadership.

LESTER F. HEINS

Commission on Public Communication
The American Lutheran Church

Defending the Court

Rockville, Maryland

To the Editors: I found John Deedy's News & Views item in the November 27 issue lacking in some respects insofar as he commented on the action of the Supreme Court in refusing to hear the Massachusetts appeal on a law of that Commonwealth which would have barred conscription of its citizens to serve in an undeclared war. I realize that there are many substantive questions which could be raised by this case, but it is also well established that in such matters of the draft and of foreign policy these areas have generally been reserved to the federal government.

I think that Mr. Deedy is being unfair at this point to the Chief Justice and Justice Blackmun by implying that these two additions have put the Court "firmly in the Establishment's pocket." It is too early to determine how these two Justices are going to decide important cases which come before the Supreme Court. Any Justice should have unique freedom when he is elevated to the Supreme Court and most do not hesitate to so use this freedom.

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AT YEAR'S END

This year-end season is the traditional time for looking back, for weighing and measuring the year's events to determine at this distance what seems to be 1970's outstanding news story. Thinking it over, our guess is that the historian of the future would rate as easily the most important story the continuance of the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) between the United States and the Soviet Union. Indeed, the success or failure of these talks may literally determine whether or not there is a future for the historian to report on.

We live in an era dominated by the arms race, and the terrible thing is that we are all getting very much used to this state of affairs. In the case of arms, no sum is too high, no effort too much, and no error too great to be easily overlooked. On page 341 of this issue, for example, there appears a short report on A. Ernest Fitzgerald, who called the Air Force to task for wild overspending on the C-5 program and got fired for his pains. But the C-5 is only one example, and not the most important. Late last month, as another instance, the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations called the F-111 fighter-bomber program a "fiscal blunder of the worst magnitude." Its report accused former Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara of repeated management errors and of deliberate attempts to "conceal the truth." His Deputy Secretary, Roswell L. Gilpatric, was described as "guilty of a flagrant conflict of interest" in the awarding of the contract. The net result: the nation will pay $7.8 billion (billion!) for about 500 planes, although the original order called for 1700 planes for considerably less money. Of the 500 planes the U.S. will receive, fewer than 100 will "come reasonably close" to performing as originally specified.

No matter how you look at it, $7.8 billion is a lot of money, yet there has been amazingly little outcry over this misfeasance. Imagine the oratory if this amount of money had been mishandled in a poverty or slum-clearance program. In fact, imagine the impossibility these days of getting this kind of appropriation for any such socially useful purpose.

The United States and the Soviet Union are not content simply to waste their own substance in an arms race; they try to get others in the game. Thus the two superpowers are busy exporting arms all over the world, with the U.S. in the No. 1 position and the Soviet Union No. 2. During 1969 African and Asian countries were supplied with arms to the tune of $1.5

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billion, and last year major weapons exports from the United States nearly doubled.

At year's end, one somewhat cheering note was the Army's announcement that it planned to destroy its biological and toxic weapons in accordance with the pledge made by President Nixon many months ago. Welcome as it is, though, this news raises unpleasant questions. Why has the Army taken a year to comply with the pledge made by the President in 1969? Secondly, and more serious, why did a civilized nation engage in germ warfare research and development in the first place? Is it such an accomplishment to be able to let loose on the world another wave of the Black Death? Steps to destroy the deadly material the United States has on hand will themselves cost $12.2 million; the material destroyed was developed at a cost of $726 million. Surely we can find a better way to spend that kind of money—if only in a national campaign to eliminate rats from the slums in America's major cities.

The insanity that is the arms race can perhaps best be seen in the case of nuclear weapons. At the end of 1970, nuclear stockpiles were large enough to blast every man, woman and child in the world with the equivalent of 15 tons of TNT, according to a survey made by the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute. Indeed, to put it in more meaningful terms, the nuclear stockpile amounts to the equivalent of 60 tons of TNT for every person in the NATO and Warsaw Pact countries taken together. "Such an overkill," said the report, "is so fantastic that whether the true figure is twice or half as high seems to matter little."

With such facts in mind, a Senate foreign relations subcommittee warned late in December that the long-standing U.S. policy of ringing the Soviet Union and Communist China with tactical atomic weapons could provoke a Communist reaction leading to an international nuclear crisis. Should the U.S.S.R. or China try to "break out of the nuclear ring" by deploying their own nuclear weapons overseas, the subcommittee said, "we could face an international crisis comparable to that of the Cuban missile crisis of 1962." It is in this historical context that we think the quiet and undramatic SALT talks deserve to rank first among all news stories of 1970. At the United Nations a treaty to ban nuclear weapons from the seabed outside any nation's 12-mile limit was overwhelmingly approved, and this was progress. But if the SALT talks fail we are almost certainly doomed to another escalation in the nuclear arms race, a giant step upward that some experts think will increase the available megatonnage tenfold. The truth about efforts to limit and control nuclear arms is deathly simple: they have to be seen and judged in terms of sheer human survival. What should be given a higher priority?

Commonweal's Continuation Fund

A year ago, confronted with the squeeze produced by the conjunction of rising costs, for printing, paper and postage, with a decrease in revenue resulting from the decline in religious publishing, *Commonweal* launched a general appeal to its readers for the funds needed to continue. We are happy to announce that by the end of the year an impressive total of 4,255 readers had contributed an aggregate of $44,053 and enabled us to meet our acute financial crisis. We are deeply grateful to the many loyal subscribers whose generosity has made the Continuation Fund drive such a success.

THE EDITORS

THE LENINGRAD 11

The humanitarian instincts of the USSR have never been marked by consistency, but there is a particular inconsistency in the Soviet's unrelenting concern for Angela Davis and its lack of visible concern for the 11 defendants in the Leningrad highjack case. Passion in the one direction would seem to dictate some visible concern in the other. At this writing, it's not to be found.

The two cases admittedly have no legal relationship. However, there is the link that in both cases justice and individual rights are put to an additional testing by biases which exist in crucial official areas—against black militants in the Davis instance; against Jews in the instance of the Leningrad 11.

This is not to suggest that one or the other is necessarily victimized in being brought to trial; it is rather to say with respect to the Soviet that if the Davis case deserves the enormous attention it is accorded on Radio Moscow (where Angela Davis is likened to Joe Hill, to Sacco and Vanzetti), and if it merits the marshaling of public opinion (e.g., the appeal to Mr. Nixon from 14 top Russian scientists), no less worthy is the case of the Leningrad 11.

That the Leningrad 11 were tried in virtual secrecy, that news of the proceedings was rigorously suppressed, that the sentences were Stalin-like in their severity, beclouds the nature of Soviet motives and further discredits Soviet understanding of justice and right, particularly as these apply to Soviet Jews. One is driven to the conclusion of protesting Americans, that the Soviet made the Leningrad 11 an object lesson to intimidate the untold numbers of Jews in Russia who wish to maintain their Jewish identity.

What is beyond dispute is that the Soviet stands dishonored until it rectifies the injustice done at Leningrad and removes the intolerable restrictions on travel and emigration, which drive people to desperate acts like the alleged Leningrad hijack plot.

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The Fate Of a Watchdog

A. Ernest Fitzgerald was fired by the Air Force last January after testifying before Sen. William Proxmire that a giant cargo plane, the C-5A, was going to cost $2 billion more than planned. But before the 43-year-old industrial engineer left his Pentagon office for the last time, he scrawled on the blackboard: "Time wounds all heels."

Now, almost a year later has time really wounded the Pentagon wastemakers who concerned Fitzgerald? It would be nice to say that Fitzgerald was not fired in vain, that the Air Force cut back its budget drastically, stopped the abortive C-5 program and fired a parcel of superfluous generals. But that is not quite the case.

In fact, costs continue to rise on the C-5, and almost weekly new horror stories of gigantic cost overruns for the Minuteman missile, a fighter plane or a Navy destroyer surface. The public has become so accustomed to reading about excess spending in the millions of dollars that Fitzgerald's worries about it are hardly considered news by editors any more.

Fitzgerald, who in his happier days at the Pentagon was once nominated by the Air Force for the Distinguished Civilian Service Award, has been struggling as a Pentagon watchdog for the last year with funds from a group of sympathetic businessmen who formed the Businessmen's Educational Fund. But the watchdog business even though profitable—his annual salary is $30,000—has been frustrating.

And if he has wounded the heels (Pentagon wastemakers) it is difficult to assess. Recently Fitzgerald moaned from his modest office across the street from the Capitol: "The public is turned off on the issue of military waste. It's like saying though that murder is no longer news because we've had murders before."

Fitzgerald despairs that the businessmen are not overly enthusiastic about unleashing another Ralph Nader. After all, the firms that benefit most from Pentagon waste are the biggest and most reputable industries and banks.

"It seems to be a peer group problem in business," said Fitzgerald who sees little chance now of becoming an ombudsman for the thousands of Defense Department employees who have no place to bring their complaints without fear of retaliation. Fitzgerald calls them "secret patriots." "It's just not the gentlemanly thing to blow the whistle," he says of his businessmen sponsors.

Nevertheless, Fitzgerald, who seems to have a telephone permanently planted in his ear, hasn't been exactly mute against the Pentagon's big guns. He has been traveling the country talking to anybody who will listen, from college radicals to John Birchers, about the evils of wasteful, seemingly unlimited, Pentagon spending.

He likes to open with a quote: "Always there had to be some terrible evil at home or some monstrous foreign power that was going to gobble us up if we did not blindly rally behind it (the military) by furnishing the exorbitant funds it demanded. Yet, in retrospect these disasters seem never to have happened, seem never to have been quite real."

The rantings of a hopelessly naive peacenik? Not quite. The speaker was General Douglas MacArthur.

Fitzgerald argues: "It's a myth that the American economy is dependent on military spending. Wasn't that the line of the Communist Party? And now we have the most conservative elements in the country talking as though they believe it."

He worries that the United States is "toying with the Hitlerian solution—putting people to work by building arms." Fitzgerald contends that "if the government has the responsibility to keep people employed, why not spend the money on something useful? We need houses, transportation systems. . . ."

Problem Planes

Lest he be disregarded as another disarmament advocate, unaware of the Soviet threat, Fitzgerald says he would not object to buying some good weapons with the money. "When is the last time the Air Force bought a good airplane?" he asks rattling off the list of recent problem planes, the swing-wing F-111 which keeps crashing, the B-58 bomber, retired almost as soon as it flew, and the B-70 bomber which was discarded without ever becoming operational.

Nevertheless, those who say a Defense cutback is increasing the unemployment rolls seem to be outshouting Fitzgerald's efficiency campaign. Defense workers on the West Coast start wearing buttons: "Don't Knock the War That Feeds You." And each week, the Defense Department announces a new threat which might justify building new massive retaliation weapons like another bomber, the B-1, or a gigantic missile-carrying submarine which might cost $1 billion each.

Fitzgerald seems tiring of the constant uphill battle. He talks now of perhaps changing his focus—looking at an entirely different field, the administration of anti-poverty programs. The job with the Businessmen's Educational Fund will probably end soon and he will set up shop as watchdog somewhere else.

He seems victim of the very thing he charges the Pentagon with wasting—money. Fitzgerald doesn't have enough of it. Not enough to run for political office without being beholden to his contributors. Not enough to make his voice heard.

JOSEPH VOLZ

(Joseph Volz, a new contributor, is a member of the staff of the Washington Daily News.*)*

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BEYOND DOCTOR SPOCK

PETER STEINFELS

APPLE PIE may still have a future as a non-controversial staple of American politics, but motherhood? Don't bet on it. Quite apart from issues like population control, abortion and child allowances, there is the example of the recent White House Conference on Children. Press reports on the meeting gave the impression of a series of squabbles about as deserving of the title Conference as your average city playground.

That might have been my impression, too, had not I seen a remarkable paper prepared for the Conference by Urie Bronfenbrenner, the psychologist who has compared child care in America and the USSR.

"We like to think of America as a child-oriented society," writes Bronfenbrenner, "but our actions belie our words." He is not only protesting the obvious though continuing atrocities like brain-damaging nutritional deficiencies or infant lead poisoning, but the organizational patterns of American life which bar meaningful interaction between children and adults and "downgrade the role of parent and the functions of parenthood."

Actually it is not hard to reconcile Bronfenbrenner's contention that children and families rank low in American priorities with the cult of youth which pervades, and sometimes obsesses, the nation. Worshipping youth, like putting women on a pedestal, can be just another way of disguising neglect and unfair treatment.

Sadly enough, the women's liberation movement itself has not escaped what Bronfenbrenner terms "a national neglect of children and those primarily engaged in their care—America's parents." How few people have noted that, whatever the pros and cons of the three major demands of women's Lib, two of them—abortion on demand and 24-hour day care—are basically directed at children, not at men. One simple proposal of Bronfenbrenner's ought to be taken up immediately as a fourth basic demand, namely that businesses, industries, government and universities offer the possibility of high-status, part-time jobs, which would allow both men and women to split their time between work and parenthood, rather than dividing these tasks by sex. Many jobs could be done as efficiently by two people on 20-hour weeks as by one on a 40-hour week. The choice between "family" and "career" is largely an artificial and unnecessary one, forced on both men and women by the current practices of employers in the United States.

Bronfenbrenner offers many other proposals, and if some of them verge on the utopian, so much the better. They are always invigorating. He thinks that businesses should accept extensive responsibilities in the areas of day care, flexible, "child-oriented" work schedules, and even "family-oriented" planning for plant location. He thinks TV could develop "an entirely new kind of television programming which no longer casts the viewer in the role of passive and isolated bystander but instead involves family members in activities with each other in games, conversation, and joint creative activity." And behind his proposals lurks a larger hope: that in the process of widening the possibilities for parents and children, the nation itself might focus more clearly on its own desires and goals.

The Bronfenbrenner document suffers from a certain hothouse quality, a pinch of do-good spirit which tends to reduce the complicated texture of contemporary child-parent relations to sweeping generalizations. A little historical perspective, the sort that recalls children working in mines and mills and sweatshops, might have considerably softened his indictment of what America has achieved for children.

But the theme which runs through Bronfenbrenner's analysis, the theme I find so fruitful, is the *isolation* of children. "In our modern way of life, children are deprived not only of parents but of people in general." The lack of extended families, the separation of residential and occupational life, lengthy schooling, the delegation of child care to specialists, these and half a dozen other factors conspire to keep the child from experiencing and testing himself in the world of adult achievement. "It is primarily through observing, playing, and working with others older and younger than himself that a child discovers both what he can do and who he can become. . . . To relegate children to a world of their own is to deprive them of their humanity."

Bronfenbrenner wants businesses to "adopt" groups of children. He wants schools to alter their curricula radically so as to involve children in adult roles, and to carry on much education outside the classroom.

These practical, and sometimes impractical, suggestions are probably not the important thing. The important thing is that we go beyond the assumptions about America as a children's paradise, beyond the debates about whether to spock or not to spock, beyond the slogans of counter-culture and women's Lib, and put the question of family life and child care on the agenda for thoughtful analysis.

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The EVOLUTION of a CATHOLIC WORKER

JOHN C. CORT

When I was in school I was so bored by economics that I dropped out of the course at the end of the first half-year. I began to get excited by economics only after I spent a few years working on the breadline at the Catholic Worker and walking on picket lines with the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists.

The breadline extended all the way down Mott Street and around the corner on Canal Street. Sometimes they were lined up before dawn, standing in the cold, waiting for the coffee and one slice of bread smeared with apple butter. The line was long because there were many able-bodied men standing in it who could have been at work if there had been jobs for them, men who were still not broken down by booze, hunger and despair.

The economic system had broken down (about 12,000,000 unemployed in a much smaller labor force) and now it was breaking down the men whom it could not employ. Nobody who watched it happen could help but be moved with anger against such a system, especially when, as I believed and still believe, a major cause of this suffering was the greed of the rich and the powerful and their indifference to the anguish of the poor.

I accepted the argument of those who held that the chief cause of that depression and unemployment was the refusal of employers and government to maintain purchasing power through decent wages and other monetary benefits. I did not accept the argument of Peter Maurin and others at the Catholic Worker that the solution to the evils of our industrial system was to flee the cities and go back to the land and to making things by hand. This seemed to me to be a lovely and romantic notion that would never appeal to more than a select few who rarely had the money or the hard-muscled skill and determination to make it work. In short, counterproductive and highly distracting. It was a debate that raged for years, at times even more violently than the battles over pacifism and anarchism that also kept us busy at the C.W.

Dorothy Day was probably a saint and certainly a beautiful writer and in all fairness it should be said that she was ambiguous about trade unions. Peter was not. He said clearly, "Strikes don't strike me." But Dorothy's Marxist background would not permit her to turn her back on the unions. She wrote some wonderfully warm and vivid pieces supporting the sit-down strikes in the auto industry. But mostly the C.W. was not very sympathetic to the union movement.

So with Marty Wersing and George Donahue and a few others who included a large percentage of Manhattan College graduates we organized the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, which was dedicated to the proposition that to give the workers a meaningful share in control, *power,* over the industrial system, was a Christian and Catholic thing to do, that power should be used with reason and prudence but that the main thing right then was to get some for the workers. And so we went out and marched on picket lines and distributed leaflets at plant gates and on the docks and in Jersey City and got jumped by goons and other unpleasant persons.

We worried a good deal about racketeers in some of the older AFL unions and we tried to help rank-and-file union members who were inclined to organize themselves, usually unsuccessfully, to cast off the dead hand of corrupt local leaders. One reason for their unsuccess

JOHN C. CORT, *in addition to services with the A.C.T.U. and the Peace Corps, was an editor of* Commonweal *from 1943-50.*

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was explained to me when a truckdriver really made me understand what it feels like to have a gun shoved in your ribs on a dark rainy night under the 9th Avenue El. Better a dead hand than a dead member.

We also worried about Communists in the CIO when we weren't defending the CIO from right-wing charges that it was Communist-dominated. Looking back now, especially in view of the fact that Russian Communism and its adherents in this country have become so respectable and even paunchy, I sometimes wonder if perhaps we didn't worry too much about them. But on the whole I am inclined to think not. The Stalinists of the 30's and 40's were by no means paunchy and they were highly effective at twisting their control of various unions into an instrument of Russian foreign policy, depending on whether the Yanks were or were not coming at the moment.

We were denounced by some priests and praised by others who generally got to be known as "labor priests." We wrapped ourselves in the papal encyclicals, especially *Rerum Novarum* of Leo XIII and *Quadragesimo Anno* of Pius XI, and when we weren't wrapping ourselves in them we were beating our Catholic adversaries over the head with them in a manner that, since *Humanae Vitae,* I have come to resent in others.

But one way or another we helped to get the church on the line on the side of the poor man at a time when union members were still poor. Recently I asked a union friend why the labor movement had become so conservative. His reply was, "Well, it's the first time that we've had anything to conserve." Union members had little to conserve in those days.

At the Catholic Worker we ate corn flakes for breakfast, not knowing then how much we were being cheated on nutrition. Lunch was usually a sandwich and dinner stew. I slept in a four-room apartment with nine other men, from one of whom I probably contracted the tubercle bacillus that ate a hole in my right lung. The walls were infested with bedbugs and try as we might we could not rout them out entirely. I remember once taking a particularly bad steel frame cot up to the roof and burning the vermin out of it with a blow torch. I shall forever treasure the memory of the sharp, acrid smell of roasting bedbug.

There was usually a meeting to go to at night and when you were able to get to bed sleep was rarely sound. The days also were full of action and turmoil and after two and a half years I was ready for a TB sanatorium. Many years and relapses later, after much reading and some writing, several jobs and the acquisition of a small amount of patience and a sizable amount of children I became executive secretary of the Newspaper Guild of Greater Boston, CIO, which means I was a local union business agent and responsible for negotiating contracts, handling grievances, organizing new shops and mediating old hatreds.

In New York I had first become active in the Guild as chairman of the *Commonweal* unit during the somewhat frantic days immediately after the war when the fight between Stalinist and anti-Stalinist factions was at its height. The Stalinists tagged me as "a clerical redbaiting Fascist." There were also two factions in the Boston Guild, a mere 200 miles away, but those were somewhat different: pro-publisher and pro-Guild. The pro-publisher group quickly identified me as a Communist.

My mind goes back to one negotiating session with the *Boston Post,* a dying newspaper that we were trying to keep alive. Borrowing an idea from Pius XI and Clinton Golden, we proposed a joint production committee of management and union members that would work together and develop ways and means of saving money and improving the paper. "After all," I said, "we don't agree with Marx that labor and management have nothing in common." At the mention of Marx, one of my critics on the Guild side of the table woke up and nudged his neighbor. "Hear that?" he said, "I told you Cort was a Commie."

Management didn't like the idea either and the paper went ahead and quietly died.

In New York I knew the labor movement mainly from the angle of strikes, picket lines, organizing campaigns, conflict, drama. The labor movement was where the action was in those days. In Boston, over twelve long years, I learned about trade unions from the standpoint of day-in, day-out housekeeping. We never had a strike of our own, although we supported the strikes of other crafts on several occasions. It took seven years just to persuade our largest unit to authorize a strike, to make a threat. That's how conservative they were.

And finally they stood up to the boss and told him they would walk out if he didn't give them a decent contract. And he did. And all those who stood up stood taller. And things were never the same again. They had tasted power, the power to talk to the powerful, the power to stop begging and start demanding, the power to impose some law of reason and justice on a resisting world. I don't say that they had really achieved that power, but they had tasted it. And that was enough, as it usually is. It was never any problem to get a strike vote after that.

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But before that happened there were hundreds of meetings: membership meetings, board meetings, workshops, conferences, conventions. And there was the talk: hours and hours and hours of talk. Good talk, bad talk, boring talk. Oh, the hours of boring talk. But all of it was part of the dynamics of building an organization of workers who would finally be strong enough to stand up and talk to the boss as an equal—well, almost an equal. It was the democratic process extending itself to the city room and the advertising department of the *Boston Herald-Traveler*. It was a pain in the ass and a thing of beauty.

In 1958 I ran for state representative from Ward 22 of Boston, mostly Irish, a little Italian, Jewish and Polish (see *Commonweal*, Nov. 7, 1958, "My First Hurrah"). Which means I joined the Knights of Columbus, imitated Maurice Chevalier singing "Louise" in the parish variety show, attended more wakes than was good for me, and lost. And I ran again two years later, had my nomination papers stolen, ran on stickers, won on the first count, lost on the recount, learned enough to respect politicians because sometimes in their life they really have to sweat, and lost.

Two years later I was the local martyr and would have had to do something really foolish to avoid getting elected, but my wife, who was allergic to politics, persuaded me to join the staff of the Peace Corps in the Philippines (see "Eight Hundred Americans," *Commonweal,* Sept. 25, 1964). We watched the democratic process at work in a land where it was new and even stranger than it is everywhere, and saw it working again despite the strangeness. At the suggestion of a Peace Corps Volunteer we organized a group that discussed Teilhard's *Phenomenon of Man* and reflected on how the Peace Corps itself was an example of that process Teilhard describes by which the world is contracting, coalescing and speeding up.

In 1964, home on leave, I got an invitation from the Governor to head up the Service Corps, a new domestic Peace Corps that became the multi-purpose anti-poverty agency of Massachusetts. We helped organize community action agencies all over the state, those agencies that were supposed to give the poor "maximum feasible participation" in the planning and administration of the programs. We recruited over 500 full-time Volunteers, mostly poor folks themselves, gave them a few dollars expense money and assigned them to help those and other agencies to organize their neighbors and fight their way out of poverty.

And some strange things came to pass. Through the Service Corps the Commonwealth of Massachusetts was paying people to organize welfare mothers first in MAW (Mothers for Adequate Welfare) and later in the Welfare Rights Organization to make trouble for another agency of the Commonwealth, the department of public welfare. Service Corps and VISTA Volunteers were organizing public housing tenants, making trouble for housing authorities, mayors, redevelopment authorities and other branches of the Establishment.

Some people might point to this as evidence that our democratic system is cracking up. It doesn't even know how to defend itself. It contributes to its own destruction. I prefer another explanation. I prefer to say that there is so much health and so much vitality in our system that it can afford to pay people to fight the injustice and inefficiency within the system and thereby keep the system from getting so fat and corrupt that it might indeed fall of its own dead weight.

The Critics

There has been a lot of criticism of OEO's community action from Daniel Patrick Moynihan and others. Mayors and public bureaucrats don't like it because it has been organizing the poor and giving them the power to make trouble. Radicals don't like it because it is committed to working within the system. A lot of people don't like it because it has been oversold and underfunded and tends to make promises it can't fulfill.

I have rarely seen or heard any persuasive criticism of the basic concept of community action that underlies the Economic Opportunity Act from anybody who actually worked in it, from anybody who actually knew how it works, from anybody who had actually seen it work.

Moynihan makes some valid points in his book, *Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding*. One of those is his point that community action was a concept that covered four different meanings that tended to get confused in the minds of its inventors and practitioners, namely, organizing the power structure, expanding the power structure, confronting the power structure, and assisting the power structure.

Possibly Moynihan meant to include a fifth meaning, which is really the most important and significant meaning, when he spoke of confronting the power structure. And that is, to use an old union term, organizing the unorganized, organizing the non-union poor so that they can confront the power structure with something more than total powerlessness. It is revealing that Moynihan looks at this concept from the point of view of the power

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structure, not from the point of view of the poor.

On June 2, 1967, a number of Service Corps Volunteers, black mothers on welfare and organizers of MAW, chained the door of the Grove Hall welfare office and locked themselves and the entire staff in. They were demanding an immediate redress of grievances. The cops came and broke down the door, cut the chain and drove out the mothers, with unnecessary roughness. The black community of Roxbury, Boston's ghetto, exploded in the worst riot the city had seen in this century. I saw it, the burning and the looting, the over-reaction of the police and the trigger-happy firing of guns. I saw the fear and the hatred on both sides.

A few weeks later we moved into a house in Roxbury which we had bought some time before. I would hope that we would have moved anyway. Frankly, we wanted to identify with this community because it seemed to us that the white people of this area, Boston and environs, like the white people of America, sometimes consciously and sometimes unconsciously, have oppressed and exploited black people and denied their basic human rights.

This is where the action is today, in the black ghettos. This is where the great unfinished business of America will be finished or will finish America.

We have campaigned for black candidates. We have served on Model Cities committees and been active in parent associations in the local schools. We have observed police brutality and listened to the Black Panthers' rhetoric of counter-brutality and watched them filling sandbags outside their headquarters down the street for the inevitable raid which will one day shatter the quiet of the night. We have been robbed in our home and robbed on the street. We know about law and order and we are learning, slowly, about the infinite variety and the infinite sufferings of black people.

We have come to see that part of that suffering can be caused by the goodhearted bungling of friends like ourselves who sometimes contribute to the syndrome of dependence by being a little too aggressive and insensitive about how they help, not recognizing that blacks will make it only when they get themselves together to confront this white society in the same way that the workers got themselves together to confront the boss.

From the Catholic Worker through the trade union experience, the Peace Corps, the war on poverty and the black revolution, my life over the past 34 years has led me into highways and back alleys. If I did a book on these experiences, I would call it *The Side of the Poor Man*. The phrase is from a saying attributed to St. Louis, king of France in the 13th century, "Always be on the side of the poor man rather than the rich man until you know the truth." There seems to be an implication there that after you know the truth you will be on the side of the rich man, but I don't think St. Louis meant it that way.

Another theme of the book would be a remark identified with Winston Churchill whose wisdom I find myself admiring more and more as I grow older, namely, "Democracy is the worst possible system of government in the world except for every other system of government."

Let me put it simply and with more than a trace of arrogance. I am tired of reading and listening to stuff by people who have never been there: about unions and labor relations, about politics and public service, about underdeveloped countries and foreign aid, about poverty and the black ghetto, about the slow and painful process by which the powerless attain power and self-respect. I have been there, all those places, not just to visit but to live and work. By and large, it's not the way they say it is.

M. SHUMWAY

THE SNAIL

Silence skims the Plover.
The old mollusk, weary, climbs
a cave of sky, and time fails.

Once a laurel summer up the hill
in dark I listened to the seminary
bell sound time and in the viscous

trails I counted stars and knew
the shape of space and watched
the shadow of the wind on water.

Now in this whey light of November's
moon I drive a rim of river
where the arc lamps, out of sequence,

ride the skim, and otter stars
grin down their ancient trails
and disappear. The ice is thin.

Stillness goes for bone. Yet, behind
the whey a hermit dragon rocks
his cave of space and time resolves

in convolutions. We slide toward
the summer sky. Though out of sound
and sight I see him stretch and stir,

feel stars tingling in the latitudes,
and know like San Anselmo, where
his trail was bright with mica,

slow from the leaf of night,
time will return.

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MANGOES DON'T GROW IN BROOKLYN

HAITIANS COME TO STREETS WHERE THE GRAY PALL OF SMOG HANGS OVER TRASH-RIDDEN SIDEWALKS AND COCKROACH-RIDDEN TENEMENTS

BILL THOMPSON

Today, in English conversation class, we are talking about "Papa Doc" Duvalier, dictator of Haiti. At least, the teacher (myself) is trying to steer the conversation in that direction, on the assumption that students will respond best when the subject matter interests them. And these students *ought* to be interested in Papa Doc. They are all Haitians, immigrant workers in a Brooklyn factory who enjoy one hour of English instruction per day at the U.S. government's expense.

But the students do not respond. Apparently, they don't want to talk about Duvalier. What's the matter with them?, I ask myself. The faces, some black, some tan, peer at me impassively, and suddenly I am annoyed. It is the annoyance of any teacher faced with a classful of "dead" students. How can I jolt them into a response?

It comes to me in a flash. "This is Duvalier!" I cry, and, imitating an assassin raking a crowd with a submachine gun, I mimic the staccato voice of the gun itself: *Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat!* Amazingly, the students burst into spontaneous laughter. Yet the laughter stops abruptly, as they look around at one another: who saw whom laughing?

It begins to dawn on me that, even in Brooklyn, U.S.A., it is inadvisable for a Haitian to make light of François Duvalier, President for Life of Haiti. Later, I am to learn that, among the Haitian community in New York, it is an article of faith that Duvalier has paid spies circulating among them. Anti-Duvalier talk, if reported to the ears of the dictator, can mean imprisonment or death for relatives who are still in Haiti. Whether such spies actually exist is questionable, but the fact that all Haitians believe in them is testimony to the far-reaching awe which Duvalier inspires.

But for the present class, the hour is over, and they must go back to the factory. "Tomorrow," I say, "we read page fifty-one. Remember, fifty-one!" Several students giggle. The English numeral Fifty-One is the Haitian equivalent of our three-letter word for rear-end. The expression was born when a former Haitian President decided to elect himself to another term in office and the populace moaned, "Now we'll have him up our tails until 1951." The cry was quickly abbreviated to "Fifty-one," and, to keep the secret police from understanding, the subversive watchword was translated into English. Such was my Haitian students' introduction to the tongue of Milton and Shakespeare.

They come, these Haitians, from places called Jacmel and Cayes and Cap Haitien and St. Marc and Port-au-Prince—sundrenched towns set in a land blooming with mangoes, sugar cane, and pineapples—to Flatbush and Utica and Pitkin and Franklin Avenues, Brooklyn streets where the gray pall of smog hangs over the trash-ridden sidewalks and the cockroach-ridden tenements. But they are glad enough to be here, where political terrorism and severe poverty, at least, are absent.

Still, good jobs are not easy to find here. My students work in a factory, assembling a little-known line of household appliances at the minimum wage. Working conditions in the factory are poor: for example, a worker must sign a roster, like a schoolboy, for permission to go to the bathroom. But every hour of the working day, a busload of workers is allowed to leave the factory for an English lesson.

The school is located only a few blocks from the appliance factory, in a sparsely furnished storefront in East New York, the easternmost sector of Brooklyn. A staff of twelve provides pre-job orientation and counseling services, in addition to the classes in English and job-related basic education. The school is financed federally through the JOBS-'70 program, intended to upgrade the hard-core unemployed. Of our nearly three hundred students, fully half are Haitians.

These French Creole-speaking immigrants already number many thousands in Brooklyn alone. They have settled mainly in Brownsville and Crown Heights, and there are now approximately 20,000 Haitians in these two areas. This number will rise, rapidly. Immigration from Haiti has increased over a thousand percent in the last decade. In 1969, 6500 Haitians received official status as U.S. immigrants, and of that number, nearly three-quarters settled in the greater New York area. Thousands more want to come, but are unable to obtain immigrant visas. They enter this country using tourist visas, which are easier to obtain but which strictly forbid taking employment in the U.S. But of course these Haitians do work, filling the factories of Brooklyn with illegal but cheap labor.

In all, nearly 26,000 Haitians came to the United States in 1969. The majority of these will have come to the

BILL THOMPSON *taught English in a job-training school for Haitian immigrants in Brooklyn.*

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New York area. Are the Haitians going to replace the Puerto Ricans as New York's least advantaged and most alienated immigrant group?

Unlike the Puerto Rican immigrants, however, most Haitians who come here have a middle-class background and are technically trained. Only the relatively affluent in Haiti can afford to leave; the poor cannot pay the high fees the government bureaus charge for passports. Hence, the Duvalier regime drives into exile its most valuable citizens. These people are in most cases in flight for political reasons. Many have been beaten or terrorized. Many have had to abandon all their possessions. Many leave using assumed names for fear of their lives.

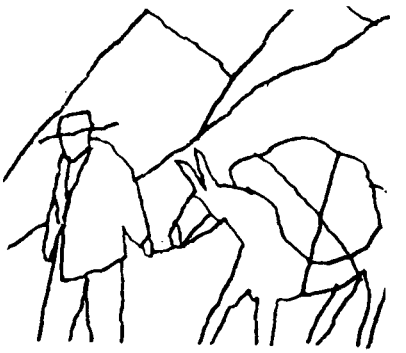
Once here, the Haitians do not find easy entrance into American society. They speak only Creole and French, and their training and work experience may not apply to American job situations. One Haitian I knew, for example, had worked as a printer in his country, but was unable to get similar employment here because he lacked American printers' credentials—in addition to his ignorance of English. Hence, he was forced to take on a factory job at the minimum wage in order to earn enough to eat.

Public agencies in New York are still unprepared for the sudden tide of Haitian immigration, and generally do not have French-speaking members on their staffs. In Brooklyn, there is one community center with a French-speaking staff offering limited services, including help in locating jobs—but it is understaffed and underfinanced.

Haitian families are often torn apart by the move to an alien environment. Many Haitians who had to flee for political reasons left their families behind them, and getting the families out of Haiti is expensive and complicated. But once they are united and safe in this country, the family members find that their former relationships are all askew. In the Haitian family structure, the father is unquestioned as the leader and provider, while the wife stays home with the children. But under the economic pressures in New York, the wife is forced to work, and on a production-line job she can command the same wage as her spouse. Hence, the father's role as breadwinner and leader is challenged. Children also become dominant because of their quick mastery of English and their rapid assimilation into the American environment. Also, many Haitians who do not have immigrant status are forced into "marriages of convenience" in order to assure their residency in the U.S. In fact, there are occasional unions in which the nonresident will pay a citizen a flat fee to enter into wedlock with him. (The going rate, I am told, is $500.)

The country which drives so many of its people into exile in an alien land is one of the great disappointments of modern history. Haiti gained its independence from the French only a quarter-century after we gained ours from the British, and as such is the second-oldest republic in the hemisphere. Haiti was a nation-experiment of unusual promise: the world's first black republic governed by ex-slaves who had fought for and won their own sovereignty. It soon became clear, however, that Negro leaders would be little kinder to their own people than the white man had been. A mulatto elite came to power very early in the Republic, and has held economic sway over the black masses ever since, despite occasional seizures of power by black strongmen. (Duvalier is the latest of these.)

Haiti's economy, like her freedom, has never flourished, and has deteriorated especially under the present regime. Haiti is now the poorest country in the Western



hemisphere, with an annual per capita income of $65, a drop of $10 in as many years. Exports are almost one-third lower than in the days of slavery. Coffee production, the mainstay of the economy, declined by half between 1963 and 1969. The available work force is reckoned at 2.5 million, but only 57,000 had jobs as of 1968.

Nor is Haiti's economic predicament ameliorated by large-scale U.S. aid. President Kennedy cut off direct aid in 1963, declaring the regime to be incompetent. After his death, however, Duvalier's anti-Communism and his island's close proximity to Castro's Cuba lured back some U.S. aid through the back door. Some of it came through CARE, some through Inter-American Bank loans. But even this aid has reportedly slowed to a mere trickle.

Duvalier began his tenure of power in 1957. It was his regime which inspired Graham Greene to coin the phrase "Nightmare Republic." And the International Conference of Jurists in Geneva described the regime as "a tyrannical government which is not even inspired by an ideology but whose unique goal is to keep the country subjugated."

Duvalier's beginnings were innocent enough. As a country doctor, he waged a successful campaign in curing peasants afflicted with yaws and was felt to understand the problems of peasant life. A graduate of the University of Michigan, he was a medical collaborator of American technical agencies. He was an enthusiastic amateur ethnologist who favored a reevaluation of

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Haiti's African roots as opposed to the traditional idolization of French culture. When he actively entered politics as Secretary of Labor, he stood for the emergence of Haiti's black majority against the mulatto elite who had traditionally ruled the country. He was recognized as a champion of the workers for organizing the first National Labor Congress in Haiti and initiating the first worthwhile legislation for labor. Moreover, he represented an anomaly in Haitian public service: an administrative official who did not use his office for graft.

What happened? It seems that, after his assumption of the Presidency, Duvalier fell victim to the absolute corruption of absolute power. An early symptom was the creation of the Tonton Macoute, a combination of civil militia and secret police force for the defense of the regime. The Macoute served two purposes: it neutralized the power of the army, which Duvalier saw as a threat to his control, and it acted as a gestapo force for the erasing of political opposition. In this nation of 5 million people, one out of every 100 inhabitants belongs to the Tonton Macoute—a staggering proportion. Virtually all Haitians live in fear of the Macoute: in fear of imprisonment without trial, in fear of torture, in fear of execution, in fear of massacres of entire families. Prowling in an unarmed populace, the Tonton Macoute shows neither mercy nor restraint.

An Expert

Adrien Jean-Louis is an expert-from-below on the Tonton Macoute and Duvalierism in general—that is, he is a victim of it. Adrien is a man whose hands are weathered by a lifetime of work, and whose athletic frame bears its sixty-four years lightly. He has a tremendous zest for living which is reflected in the vitality of his movements and gestures, and he is a gentle man, a man who bears malice to no one. In Haiti he had a farm in the hills above Port-au-Prince, where he raised cows, pigs, mangoes, and cane. Each day he would work there, returning in the evenings to his house, a *bel ti maison* in the city. Almost every evening he would go to the movies with his wife. His children, three grown daughters, had their own homes nearby. It was a good life.

Now Adrien is the janitor in our school. He empties wastebaskets, mops floors, cleans out commodes, and runs out for coffee and doughnuts for the white-collar members of the staff. There are few people in the school he can talk to, except myself, and my command of Creole is limited. I tried to help him with English, but his greying head doesn't retain very well. Embarrassed, he dissolves into giggles, like a schoolboy. His free time is usually spent in a secluded corner, where he dons gold-rimmed spectacles and works out problems in multiplication, or writes letters in a painstaking script to his wife, who was not able to follow him from Haiti. It is difficult to talk to him about his home, because he invariably starts to cry.

Every day after supper, Adrien goes to bed, and gets up again in time to go to work once more. In Brooklyn, this is his whole life.

Adrien is running from the Tonton Macoute. This is his story, as it was translated to me:

"The first trouble I had with the Macoute was over a house I had on my land. When this Macoute told me he wanted to move in, I said that the rent was fifteen dollars a month. He said, 'Seven dollars.' What could I do? He was a Macoute.

"But a few months went by, and he never paid me even the seven dollars. So one day I went to the house. The Macoute came out wearing his pistols. I said, 'I need the money you owe me.' His gun was there at his hip. He said, 'You're lucky. I'm in a good mood today. I could have killed you for this. Now go away and don't bother me any more with your foolishness.'

"But that was nothing. The real trouble came later. Somebody in the Macoute decided that I had some money and he wanted to make me give it to the Macoutes. So they threw a bomb in the school near my house, and after the school burned down, they said that I was responsible. So I ran to the country and hid. But they threw my wife in prison, so I had to come back. I paid them two hundred dollars, and they let my wife out. But after that I was still afraid. Maybe they wanted to kill me to keep me from telling about what happened to me. So I sold my cattle and bought a plane ticket to New York. The ticket was expensive, but the passport cost even more.

"I didn't stay in New York very long that first time. I couldn't find a job. So I came back. I thought the Macoutes had forgotten me.

"But they hadn't. When they knew I was in Haiti, they came around and beat me. So I flew back to New York all over again."

Will Adrien ever go back to Haiti?

"Who knows?" he says with a shrug. "Maybe, when there is a new government, if God wants it that way."

Every unhappy man has a hope in his heart, and Adrien's is that Papa Doc, who is the same age as he, will die before him.

Of the Haitians I know in Brooklyn, the only one who makes a habit of speaking out against Duvalier is Constant. Very black, tall and slim, in command of good French, Constant sits in the class like a wolf at rest. One day I brought up the subject of the Mafia, and the comparison between American gangsterism and Duvalierism seemed inevitable.

"But teacher," protested Justin, "Mafia bad, Duvalier good."

"No," said Constant, "Duvalier more bad than Mafia."

Constant knows the details of all the plots to murder Duvalier, and he recites them with relish. I told him,

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for example, of an experience I had in Haiti, in 1968. Next to the Presidential Palace, there is an open park. When I tried to cross it, I was stopped by soldiers at bayonet-point. I learned later that the soldiers were there to keep tourists from seeing a bomb crater—the bomb had been meant for the palace itself. Constant is quick to inform me that he not only knows what happened, but that he saw most of it too. When that old twin-engine B-25 flew across the rooftops of Port-au-Prince, he happened to be in the attic of his family home, and through a little slot of a window he saw the plane diving on the palace. By the time he had run from the attic down the stairs and out into the yard, the concussion of the bomb had already shattered the stupor of the afternoon. The next sound was the high-pitched wail of panic from the city, a moment of mass terror. Constant, by this time standing in the yard with his mother, turned to her with an exclamation of joy and ran in the direction of the palace. But the pilot had missed, and was already gaining altitude to break for the open waters past Haiti's boundaries, and the islands beyond.

"You know, sir," says Constant, "that pilot was a man like me. If somebody comes to me with a plan to kill Duvalier, I will ask first, 'How much you going to pay me?' If it was a thousand dollars, I will cut that thousand in half, and put back one half for my mother and father. Then at least they get something if I die. After that, I get the identification of somebody else, so if they catch me, they don't murder my mother and father. Then I kill Duvalier. Then it be all right."

Constant has spotted the men he thinks are Duvalier's spies in Brooklyn. One night, at a party, he confronted them. "If anybody in my family is hurt," he said, "or even my friends, I will get my gun and kill you." Constant's girlfriend, an American, was upset by this talk. But Constant said, "Don't worry about that, baby. That's my business. I'm Haitian people."

Intelligent and ambitious, Constant has absolute contempt for the Puerto Ricans and American blacks who stay year after year in the factory where he works. "If I was born in this country," he says, "I will not even be an engineer in that factory." Ironically, Constant has the most menial job in the plant—pushing a broom in the warehouse. Ultimately, he would like to learn a trade, like diesel mechanics, which he can take back to Haiti to set up his own busine s But for the moment, he is floundering in Brooklyn, h ing the United States, hating the power structure in his own country, rigid with anger and resentment.

Still, he is better off than the janitor, Adrien. I remember one afternoon when I came upon Adrien in the vestibule where he spends his leisure time. He was cutting slivers off a hunk of salami with a pocket knife. Then I saw that he was crying, that fat tears, which he made no effort to restrain, were rolling down his cheeks. He just stood there, carving and eating his salami, and crying. Then he lighted a cigarette and blew the smoke in clouds through his wide nostrils, tears still streaming down his face. When I asked him why, he said *"Probleme moin,"* which I took to mean, "That's my business."

He wouldn't say any more, but he went on crying like a man who has been exiled from everything he holds dear. And he blew out another stream of smoke. It was all because he was in Brooklyn, a place he does not love, but which he came to because he had no other place to be.

OMEGA

THE SCREEN

Like the original angel of hell he described in "Sympathy for the Devil," Mick Jagger is a man of wealth and taste. He usually knows how to dress to suit the occasion. But he wasn't wearing his T-shirt decorated with the big, white omega the night of the Rolling Stones' free concert last December. That was the night a latter-day Hell's Angel stabbed a black man to death right in front of the stage. Jagger would have made a proper headstone for that man, if he'd had on his omega T-shirt.

In *Gimme Shelter*, the Maysles Brothers' documentary about the Stones' American tour, we often see Jagger in that T-shirt before the free concert. And on his chest omega does seem to celebrate death rather than life. In the context of the Maysles' film, it ceases to be a sign of resistance and becomes a sign of submission. Omega expands in our minds like the exotic mushrooms Jagger cultivated in his fiction film, *Performance*. It mushrooms in significance the way shock waves go out in space. Is *Gimme Shelter* a film about the end of rock? Perhaps it's about the end of youth, or the end of the world. The possibilities seem infinite.

It's certainly a film about the end of rock festivals. The festival scene began in Monterey, California in 1966 and moved across the country like a tidal wave. It created at Bethel, New York, in August of 1969, and then rebounded back to the west coast again—to the Stones' concert at Altamont Race Track outside San Francisco. But Altamont was light years from Monterey. Like Jo-Jo in the Beatles' song, the festival scene never did get back to where it once belonged. What had begun as California Dreamin' ended up a California reality at Altamont. Now, one hopes after seeing *Gimme Shelter*, that scene is over. All over now/ didn't work out somehow.

The distance from Monterey to Altamont can be measured between two extraordinary scenes, one in *Gimme Shelter* and the other in Richard Leacock's *Monterey Pop*. In the Leacock film, just after Janis Joplin finishes

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doing "Ball and Chain," there is a cut to Mama Cass Eliot sitting in the audience. Cass's mind has been blown: the look on her face is one of complete awe. At Monterey groups that were just beginning to make it big nationally came together for the first time. The consequence was a certain shock of recognition, mutual acknowledgement of talent. The feeling of community and exuberance existed at Monterey for the performers even more than for the audience. And that significance of the festival is what Leacock managed to capture, just for a moment, in Cass's expression.

If Leacock's reaction shot of Cass recorded the alpha of the festival scene, a reaction shot in the Maysles' film has to be the omega. Much of *Gimme Shelter* takes place in the Maysles' cutting room where the Stones watch footage of their own concerts on a movieola. At one point Mick Jagger is watching footage of the Altamont murder. Jagger can't see it though, so David Maysles runs it again: backwards and forwards, slow motion, stop action. There's the murdered man's gun outlined against a girl's dress. The Angel's knife glints in the darkness just before it disappears in the man's back. Jagger's effeminate somnambulist's face is turned toward the screen. His mouth-breather's lips are parted, as usual.

When all the evidence is in and he's finally seen what happened, Jagger gets up to leave. As he rounds the corner of the desk, his expression remains immobile while his shoulders twitch, almost imperceptibly, into a shrug. It's a gesture of supreme Medium Cool, and the Maysles freeze the frame on it. They now suspend him in space as if he were the murderer, or the victim, or both. Then they dissolve his face with a graininess so severe the colors begin to separate in the print. The graininess emphasized here has permeated the Maysles' whole film. The mood of the film is established by a pall of harsh, brassy, klieg-lit grain. Jagger's shrug expresses this mood perfectly, just as Mama Cass's reaction to Janis Joplin sums up the mood of *Monterey Pop*.

Michael Wadleigh's *Woodstock*, the epic documentary made at the Bethel festival, never achieves such a moment of coherence. In both *Monterey Pop* and *Gimme Shelter* the filmmaker has tried to convey the effect the event had, not on himself, but on someone else: on the performer. *Woodstock* is a banal film compared to the other two because the impression of the event it captures is only the promoter's. Wadleigh conceived his film as a kinetic art form—something that would give the moviegoer a contact high on the festival itself. But *Woodstock* also tries to be the one thing the festival wasn't, a slick production. The result is an antiseptic recreation of the event.

Of course no rock documentary can succeed altogether because the genre is limited by its commercial purpose. These films are offered to us as an instant replay of apocalypse, and we respond accordingly. We allow ourselves to be put in the position Jagger was in when he watched the murder on a movieola. We should not then be surprised if our stare is as blank as his. It's only right that the cynicism of money should taint these films—that, for instance, the Stones should have made *Gimme Shelter* to reimburse themselves for their "free" concert. The one man in the film who seems to have had his wits about him is Melvin Belli. Melvin Belli will surely be standing in line when the first are made last and the last made first. To be present at the Destruction has been his life's work. In this case he was on retainer from the Stones. He arranged the use of Altamont and set up the concert. One expects any day now to find him defending the Angel accused of the murder.

Yet *Gimme Shelter* is a powerful film. While a *Woodstock* only leaves us with detached retinas, this film detaches our whole consciousness. In earlier festival documentaries, the music drowns out our other sensations. But in *Gimme Shelter* the violence drowns out the music. The music is lost once and for all in the scuffle at Altamont. There have been a few festivals since then. Last summer the ebb of the festival scene washed back to Chicago, but no music was even attempted this time: the event was pure violence. Sly and the Family Stone didn't bother to show, perhaps because they knew their presence would be perfunctory. If we can still think back as far as the original trailer for *Monterey Pop*, we remember that the three performers featured in it are Otis Redding, Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix, all of whom are now dead. It could have been a trailer for this terrifying, formless film the Maysles have made.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

NANCY PRICE

TINTYPE

Two young men smile from an oval space
where a lamp on a table glows.
Opposite, alone in her distant place
sits a girl. No one in the family knows

who they were. Once they were close kin,
but a haze pushes them farther back each year
as their pictured air darkens. We look in
to find the faces smooth, the eyes clear

of any doubt. Who could forget their names?
Their collars are so white, their backs straight.
Sure of us, they pose in their narrow frames.
Every night their lamp burns late.

We keep them for the sake of the old leather
case; it folds in your lightest grasp
to shut the smiling faces up together
under a blackened silver hasp.

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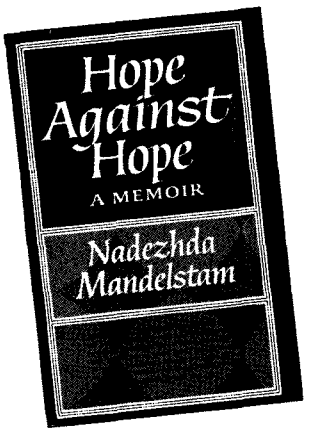
POETRY AND POWER

The Soviets' unhealed wound



SAUL MALOFF

ALTHOUGH many of the details, whole episodes, lie buried in the archives of the Lubianka, if indeed records of them exist at all, the general outline of the Stalinist terror has been well known for a long time—in some sense well-known even by those who denied it, proclaiming it a sheer fabrication of enemies of the Revolution while in some repressed part of the mind, where such things are stored until the pressure becomes unbearable, they knew that even the most appalling, the most inherently unbelievable of the charges were by and large true. Or, when the knowledge was unavoidable, as in the episode of the Great Purges of the later 1930's which ended in the liquidation of the Old Bolsheviks, who were not only the original revolutionaries but the best of them as well, the heart and mind of the Revolution—when the "show trials" were banished before the world, when in fact the world was summoned to attend the proceedings in open court, the mind, which is clever at such tricks, proved able with hardly a hitch to condemn the accused in the exact language of Vishinsky's charges against them.

But this is by now an old story; yet each time one of the long-dead comes back from the grave, the unhealed wound is opened again. Nadezhda Mandelstam's memoir of the last years of her husband's life moves us with a peculiar power—and not only (though this is no small cause) because Osip Mandelstam was in the judgment of serious critics of Russian literature with no ideological axe to grind the greatest Russian poet of the (opulently rich) modern period. Of all the harrowing tales that have come to light out of that populous darkness, *Hope Against Hope* (Atheneum, $10), the manuscript of which had of course to be smuggled out of the Soviet Union, is perhaps the most important—again not only because of the eminence of its subject, but at least as much as any other it provides us with a thickly detailed, moment-by-moment account of what "ordinary" life was like for a marked man during the crucial years of 1934, when Mandelstam was first arrested and consequently banished to a provincial town, and 1938, when he was again arrested and shipped to a camp from which there was no returning: the years, that is, between the assassination of Kirov, which triggered mass arrests, deportations and worse, and the later phases and aftermath of the Purges.

Mme. Mandelstam is now 70 and again living in Moscow, after decades of banishment from the capital. Except to say that she wrote her book in 1960's after her return to Moscow, she provides next to no details of its composition—does not tell us, for example, whether she kept diaries, journals, notebooks during her exile. Probably she didn't: for one thing, she was a marked woman, though she was never actually arrested, and keeping papers of any sort wasn't (and isn't today, nearly two decades after Stalin's death) a wise thing to do; but apart from that cogent reason, there is compelling internal evidence that the memoir is literally a work of memory, a transcription at white heat of events long past but still held in volatile suspension in the mind so that there is little sense of lapsed time. The past feels like the ongoing present, the present takes its entire meaning from the past; and the meaning of the future lies wholly in the act of completing the record while there was still time. It is as if the thirty-year period following her abandonment of hope, during which, after all, she lived some sort of life, including a professional one (she took a doctorate in linguistics, specializing in English, and taught in various provincial teachers' colleges)—as if that long wait was merely a storing up and preparation for her essential reckoning. The unwavering immediacy of the book, one feels throughout, derives from that tremendous energy. When the chronicler relates sacred history, each detail is charged with the significance of revelation, however trivial it might be in a secular context. She remembers every word Mandelstam ever uttered, the food he ate and the wine he drank; she remembers the coat he wore when he left for the last time, its color and texture; and there isn't a detail that doesn't ring true.

When I say she kept no papers, I mean she kept no unessential papers. Mandelstam was prevented from publishing, and this long before his first arrest, when cultural Stalinism became the aesthetic dogma by which the hacks and bureaucrats of the Union of Writers determined the editorial policy of the magazines; but public policy doesn't necessarily determine private activity. Of course it did in instances too numerous to tabulate. For many years Pasternak was little more than a translator (though a brilliant one), and for many more he worked on *Dr. Zhivago* with no hope of publication, at least at home; and—perhaps the most famous single instance—Isaac Babel fell silent, so far

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as is known, save for some fragments of little consequence. (Silence did not prevent a marvelous utterance—about silence; one which has always seemed to me among the great moments of a time not notable for them. Addressing the First Congress of Soviet Writers in 1934, Babel remarked, "I have invented a new genre—the genre of silence." Babel was also responsible for another splendid joke. Fifteen years after his arrest and thirteen years after his death, his wife was officially notified, in 1954, that the case against him had been "discontinued for lack of a corpus delicti." In a certificate issued at the same time, the date of his death was given as March 17, 1941. "Give us a man," as someone once said to the Mandelstams, "and we'll make a case.") In fact, after a long pause, Mandelstam did resume writing, prose as well as poetry, the preservation of which became his widow's governing mission: hiding the manuscripts, distributing copies among trusted friends, committing them to memory and later transcribing them—somehow, by any means, salvaging his later work.

The awful story is grotesque Stalin-era melodrama. Sooner or later Mandelstam's number would have come up in any event ; but two episodes, in differing degree, seem to have precipitated his long anguish. In a less than lethal atmosphere the first of them might have been funny: internal literary politics reduced to slapstick. Apparently wholly personal, the details remain obscure and very Russian; in the 19th century a duel would have been fought, and that would have been that. At a party of some sort, in the early Thirties, someone insulted Madezhda; a writers' court was assembled, officiated over by that adroit ideological juggler, Alexei Tolstoy, who could accommodate himself to any prevailing wind; and a "verdict" was handed down so displeasing to Mandelstam that in an encounter shortly afterward he slapped Tolstoy. Owing to the great name he bore and to his own popularity as a writer, Tolstoy was a powerful and influential figure in literary and governmental "circles"; one does not trifle with such men. His mildest response was to snarl, "We'll teach him to strike Russian writers"—as if Mandelstam himself were a Venezuelan guitarist.

Certainly the episode did nothing to endear Mandelstam to the hangmen and their literary agents; but it was not sufficient to place him in extremest jeopardy. A small poem did that—the notorious poem on Stalin composed in November, 1933, which suggested that the Georgian was a butcher, and which Mandelstam was given to reciting to friends, acquaintances, visitors, rather recklessly—because that was the way in a country with a great tradition of public recitation and because (it is safe to surmise) he needed some way of releasing publicly some part of his feeling toward his subject. And since Russia swarmed with police agents and informers professional and self-appointed (another august and ancient tradition, and not only in Russia) any number of his auditors may have pointed the finger.

The heat was on; but 1934 was still relatively early on in the period of cultural terror, and Mandelstam was Mandelstam. Bukharin, then still a powerful figure, was able to intervene directly with Stalin, who in the now-famous telephone call informed Pasternak, about whom Mme. Mandelstam has decidedly mixed feelings, that Mandelstam would be "isolated but preserved," which is to say exiled until further notice.

The Exile

Thus Mandelstam's "one extra day" commenced. Given the circumstances, the period of exile contains few surprises. The secret police really know how to do these things. The Mandelstams were barred from any town worth living in, though thanks to Bukharin they had some narrow choice among third-rate provincial towns. The magazines and publishing houses were closed to him; the minor translating jobs they had subsisted on dwindled and then vanished altogether; and soon they were reduced to living on handouts. They had trouble renting living space—and keeping it once they did somehow succeed in getting it. In short, theirs was the oldest, saddest story of our peculiar time. The apparatus was everywhere; there was no escaping it, no hiding from it. Four years of internal emigration from the first arrest to the last; four interminable years of incessant harassment, all the gross and subtle varieties of hounding that states have evolved over a long period of testing a refinement to the point of perfection, a thing beautiful in itself. There is no point in recounting it here, even if it were possible—and it is not: the singularity of Mme. Mandelstam's book—apart from its stylistic and narrative brilliance—lies in the slow, measured, convoluted turning of her infinitely retentive memory; the fraught telling of the fated tale. When the Purges began on a massive scale, when suddenly it seemed everyone was gone, everyone one knew along with the entire Party Congress of 1934—when one no longer bothered to ask questions, the Mandelstams knew it was only a matter of time. So long had the moment been expected, they weren't expecting it when it finally arrived. The visit seemed routine. The police were almost benign. When she started to pack Mandelstam's few belongings, the police couldn't understand why she was bothering. They only wanted to ask a few questions, they said; a few ordinary questions and then he was free to leave.

All this we know. What still slips the imagination, if not the understanding, despite our rich experience of Kulturkampf, is Why? What is it about a poem (or by extension a painting, a theatrical production, a novel, a philosophic essay, a life-style) that so excites the executioner that at the sound of an anapest he reaches for his gun? How can we account for the murderous violence of Zhdanov's obscene polemic against Anna Athmatova (a great poet and the Mandelstams' most loyal friend): The annihilation of the Old Bolsheviks—all right, this we can understand; we are connoisseurs of such understanding, all

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SAUL MALOFF *is the author of* Happy Families *(Scribner's).*

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of us experts in extermination, as we have become in genocide. But why Mandelstam? Mikhoels? The Yiddish poets (in Stalin's postwar overtly paranoid period, the period of the Doctors' Plot and other Gothic horror tales)? Babel? And why were the others—those who weren't simply killed or allowed to die in the camps—savaged and silenced: Akhmatova, Pasternak? Why?

That Mandelstam was a "bourgeois," "decadent" poet—and by the self-confirming definitions of those who use such terms he certainly was—explains something but not enough. Why not simply shut off all access to publication (which they did) and let it go at that (which they did not)? There would even have been an appearance of legitimacy about this—and all regimes are concerned with the *appearance* of legitimacy. After all, it might have been argued, Mandelstam was silent for the sufficient reason that Mandelstam had lost his touch—as some of his enemies and critics did in fact argue. Only his friends would have known better. He continued to send off manuscripts to the magazines, and there they died. Censorship? Of course not. His work had been judged by his peers and found wanting.

Mandelstam tried—not for the sake of publication, but for his life's sake. He tried to write some verses celebrating the heroic construction of some canal, and turned his hand to some paean to Stalin; and failed miserably. Not for his life's sake could he do it. He wanted to live; it wasn't that he didn't try; he just couldn't do it. He couldn't even fake it; he didn't know how it was done. The others—the ones who did it naturally as breathing, or who could fake it on demand—headed the writers' organizations and staffed the magazines, had apartments in town and villas in the country. These were the creators of the "new" Soviet literature. Not infrequently they had served their apprenticeship in the Cheka; but they wanted to be writers, and writers they became. When a great revolution loses connection with its original animating impulse and in the process goes rotten, and what you have left—now that the revolution is nerveless—is just another state with work to do, these are the men you absolutely must have to run the apparatus, whatever they may be: writers, academicians, planners, whatever. You can run an apparatus without poets, but you can't run it without these men. They keep all the trains running on time. In the colleges, as Mme. Mandelstam discovered, you didn't need informers to keep the faculty honest (though the informers crawled everywhere) as long as you had other professors who, while they may not have been very good at their subjects, had insatiable drive for advancement and preferment, and a strong taste for committee work. They have seniority everywhere, because they outlast the opposition, which, everywhere and to the last man, hates committee work. These are the men who want to obliterate true distinction, and who, given their lead, will settle for nothing less. They adore the apparatus.

Mandelstam's poems are difficult and intricate; and in the narrow meaning of the term he never had a political idea in his head. But good poems stand opposed to the apparatus, and in that sense Mandelstam was a counter-revolutionary—where the revolution has burnt itself out. Indeed, I do not think it fanciful to say that when a revolution has turned on itself, a work of art, simply by being that, is a reproachful reminder of that betrayal. The love of poetry, Mme. Mandelstam remarks at one point, went with qualities of mind that doomed the guilty to death or exile. Mandelstam, fixed in a tradition that held art to be the central value, wholly devoted to the truth of the imagination, and himself subjected to the moral implications of that view, understood the connections perfectly; and he couldn't bear to witness the more drastic human consequences of the revolution's self-betrayal. Five old men had been sentenced to be executed on some fantastic (non-political) charge, at a time when one didn't ask questions about such things. This was before his first arrest. In a fury he went to everyone he knew, demanding that they be reprieved. Everyone shrugged his shoulders. Finally, he pleaded with Bukharin, as the only man who would still listen without asking "What business is it of yours?"; as a final argument he sent him a copy of his recently published *Poems* with an inscription reading "Every line here is against what you are doing."

More than ever it seems to me that the corruption of the Revolution turned on a profound inversion of Marxism: the worst aspects of the pre-Revolutionary legacy (the total bureaucratization of life, repression, censorship, terror) rather than the best, most humane, democratic and libertarian impulses in "pre-History," were absorbed into the evolving revolutionary process; so that what emerged was a socialism of form but without its heart. (The Bolshevik Revolution took place in precisely the wrong country.) Part of the pre-revolutionary legacy, which has persisted unabated, was a kind of peasant reverence for the word; a sense of poetry as awesome mystery, as magic—potent force, whether for good or evil, but always a potent force. Good magicians served King and State; wicked ones had to be silenced or extirpated. "In choosing his manner of death," Mme. Mandelstam remarked, the poet "was counting on one remarkable feature of our leaders: their boundless, almost superstitious respect for poetry." (Bertrand Russell once said, "If poets can't be independent, no one else can." States know this.) "Why do you complain?" Mandelstam said, and he meant this no more than half ironically; "poetry is respected only in this country—people are killed for it. There's no place where more people are killed for it."

The cry was raised in the Twenties, beginning with the mass surrender of the intellectuals: "What did we fight for?" We know what they fought for: a truly revolutionary society as it is dreamed of in the abyss. The revolution will have been won when—all manifestations of the wage-relation having ended and authentic equality achieved—the Lubianka's "secret depositories" containing the "unpublished glories" of Soviet literature are published, along with definitive editions of all interdicted writers, and the great "decadents" are given pride of place.

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BOOKS

Being a belle was never a ball

Daughters of the Promised Land: Women in American History

PAGE SMITH

Little, Brown, $8.95

The Southern Lady: From Pedestal to Politics 1830-1930

ANNE FIROR SCOTT

U. of Chicago Press, $5.95

JEAN B. ELSHTAIN

Page Smith is an American historian of some note. His latest effort, *Daughters of the Promised Land,* provides irrefutable evidence for the proposition that Professor Smith should stick to American history and leave pre-historic anthropology and metaphysical ramblings on the 'nature' of the sexes to anthropologists and metaphysicians respectively. His opening chapters, a survey of woman from her mythic matriarchal Golden Age to the American pre-colonial period in 36 breathtaking pages, and his concluding remarks on woman's nature which includes the following as a serious observation: "Perhaps the most basic difference between the sexes is that women are made of 'sugar and spice and everything nice' while men are made of 'snips and snails and puppy-dog tails'," are just dreadful.

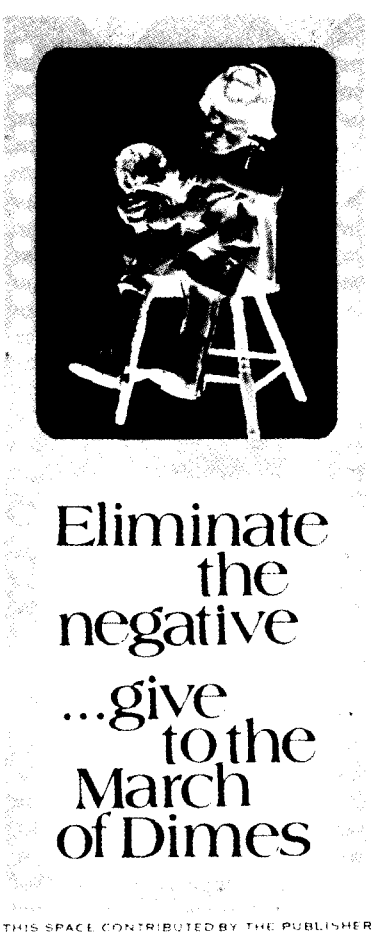
Having said too little to be either accurate or complete and too much to be believable, Smith gets to the body of his work, women in American history. He establishes a model for the post-Reformation woman, namely, "daughterhood." (The father in the post-Reformation period, he argues, gave his "girl-children" equal status with his "boy-children.") Smith's model of daughterhood is crucial for he sees the father-daughter relationship as *the* basic causal factor for women's later political and social activities.

Smith repeatedly stresses father-daughter inter-action as a necessary (and perhaps sufficient) explanation for the rise of women's reform movements in the nineteenth century. As he puts it, "There is considerable evidence that it [the father-daughter bond] was the principal source of much of the energy and ambition that American women displayed . . ." He ignores the fact that girls also have mothers—surely that relationship must have had *some* effect—and he occasionally treats economic, social and ideological forces as mere epiphenomena in his zeal to establish a purely psychological source for women's actions. In fact, Smith subtly makes male attitudes the real force behind women's accomplishments. Women leaders of the Abolition movement, for example, "drew their power from their relationship with their fathers."

Smith's tendency to become carried away is most evident in his section on the nature of woman. He poses an important question, namely, whether environmental conditioning "simply reinforces a profound biological and psychological difference or creates it: in other words if little girls were raised like little boys would they be as adults, certain biological differences aside, just like men?" It is a legitimate query, but he throws an important opportunity at enlightenment away through his failure to cite empirical evidence for any of his contentions and by his embarrassing panegyric to woman's lofty superiority. He is guilty of what Robert Graves has termed "the indignity of praise."

If women are elevated to an amorphous sphere above men, they can be safely adored and ignored. Furthermore, if, as Smith argues, men are ambitious and competitive and these qualities have nearly wrecked the world, perhaps women should seek alternatives to what he finds their noblest venture: protecting "a substantial center of life which makes possible man's action in the world." It seems to me totally condescending and outrageous to state that "in a happy vivifying uselessness, a woman can save a man's soul and sanity."

There are redeeming features in the book. His discussion of social reform movements which grew out of the "Protestant passion"; his rehabilitaton of the Women's Christian Temperance Union which served as a kind of "front" organization for a plethora of social reforms; his reassessment of the role of female foreign missionaries who were often courageous, highly educated women who could find no outlet for their abilities in their own country; and his lengthy discussion on the activities of the incredible Claflin sisters, Victorian



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and Tennessee, are all valuable. I very much regret the fact that Smith has diluted his occasionally fascinating observations on women's political and social history by a series of facile assertions, unsupportable hypotheses, and cloying, sticky meanderings.

Anne Firor Scott's *The Southern Lady* is a less ambitious book and a more successful one. Her basic thesis, that Southern women in the years before 1960 were victims of an "image of woman which was at odds with the reality of their lives," is carefully documented through a host of written sources. The myth of the Antebellum lady is familiar to all: a delicate queen of home and family, pious, frivolous and pure. Scott's evidence, however, indicates that being a belle was no ball.

An unmarried girl's life was geared toward preparation for an early "good" marriage. As lady of the plantation, her days were spent in arduous labor. She supervised the entire household; controlled the work of house-slaves; and usually had a large family to be clothed, fed and nursed. The idealization of motherhood did not emphasize what Scott calls the "darker side" of maternity including the misery of "endless pregnancies" and the "dreadful" fear of childbirth. Scott contends that the absence of effective contraception created a strain on man-wife relations and that this, "more than a commitment to ladylike decorum, may have been responsible for the widespread but erroneous view that eroticism was a thing unknown among Southern ladies."

Southern women's discontent was primarily expressed in their relationship to slaves and their deprivation of education. The sexual mores of the Southern white male antagonized white women who, together with blacks, were the victims of a vicious and hypocritical double standard. Scott argues that perhaps the majority of upper class Southern women were "secret abolitionists" who hated slavery both on humanitarian grounds and because of the tension created by their husband's free use of slave women for sexual partners.

The major catalyst for change in the lives of Southern women was the Civil War. The war forced women into new kinds of activities, and following the war the patriarchy was dead in fact if not in theory. Changes, of course, were no unalloyed blessing and role confusion and anxiety resulted. Scott examines the role of the "new woman" in bringing about reforms in the areas of child labor legislation, women's suffrage, health and education, and what, in the 1920's and 30's was called the "interracial movement."

She asserts that the net result of all social, political and economic ferment in the South and elsewhere is that women with the capacity, health, energy and fortitude may "seize opportunity." Only a minority, of course, can ever possess all these qualities. And there is one small reservation on my part to her aggressive phraseology: women, Scott avers, are to seize opportunity the way a soldier might seize enemy territory. Perhaps women are well advised to work instead for the day when it is not necessary to "seize" anything in order to be fully human.

The God of Space and Time

BERNARD J. COOKE

Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $4.95

BRUCE VAWTER

Bernard J. Cooke has long been recognized as a solid, open-minded theologian with a better than average capability for articulation. His recent decision to withdraw from the clerical state in the Roman Catholic church was marked by the balance that has characterized the rest of his professional life. As he said on that occasion, "I do not see my decision to ask for release from the Society of Jesus and the clerical state as one of leaving the priesthood, but of searching for new avenues of expressing it outside the ordinary clerical structures as we know them, though not in opposition to them." If, as seems likely, that decision was being mulled in his mind as this book was being written, we have in it an earnest of the good that he will undoubtedly make on his intention.

At first glance there seems to be nothing especially remarkable about the book. It begins in the now-familiar pattern of the salvation-history approach, tracing a redemptive pattern from Israel's origins through the New Testament. Inevitably, in view of the compass of such a work, there is the occasional outdated piece of information, the occasional too-cautious judgment in respect to the present state of research. But all this is quite incidental. The author has not set out simply to rehash what has been done so many times before, sometimes well and sometimes ill, but to sustain certain fundamental convictions which he, and this reviewer as well, believes are vital to Christianity's survival as a relevant way of life.

Space and time govern the God of Cooke's title. Or rather, it is they that are governed by him. These twin foci of man's existence have been, to use his term, sacralized in biblical faith, in a progressive adjustment to the changing human condition, and this it is that gave and continues to give to biblical faith its peculiar relevance. This was true in Israel the agricultural amphictyony, in its transition into nationhood and urbanization, and in its transmutation into the Christian message of universal freedom. Biblical faith has always given meaning to man's temporal and spatial existence, however narrow or how wide the horizons.

Sacralize is perhaps the wrong word to use here. Time and place—the seasons, the cult-myths—were, after all, sacralized in the nature-religions that coexisted with Israel and are now in the civil religions that coexist with Christianity and sometimes get confused with it: national myth and ritual and eschatology. What matters is the nature of the *sacrum*. Time and place become sacral in biblical faith as the arena where man encounters God and is thereby changed. Man should be but is not born free; he is made free by the saving act of God. Nature should be but is not the totally benign sphere in which man may move by his own efforts to ever higher fulfilment. There

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are also cosmic forces of evil which he can overcome only through God's grace: one need not mythicize in the face of these facts which the recent past and present should have made obvious to everyone.

They have not been obvious to everyone, of course. The Nazi holocaust convinced Richard Rubenstein, and doubtless many others with him, that there is no Lord of history and the Jews could not be his chosen. The same experience brought many ethnic Jews back to the faith of their fathers and caused Christians to ask, as for the first time, who is God's Son and what is the meaning of his church. Faith must not be mistaken for a vain complacency, but the alternative to faith seems to be acquiescence, reluctant though it be, in viewing man as indeed on a mindless career in a hostile universe.

Bernard Cooke has much to say to these points. To faith as a reality, for one thing. How many Christians are there in the churches? Since faith is a personal commitment and involvement with another person and not a matter of reciting a creed and subscribing to formulas, this is a question admittedly difficult to answer. Yet there are analysable symptoms. Several years ago *Der Spiegel* conducted a thorough and generally devastating survey of Christianity in Germany (where over 90 percent of the population is baptized) which ought to have been, but probably was not, deeply pondered by the leaders of the German churches. In this respect Cooke has a pertinent word for contemporary Catholicism, which has displayed a rather scandalous lack of concern for christology, of interest in Christ the person. "The community," he says rightly, "does not replace Christ; in fact, it becomes a Christian community only by its corporate acceptance of the risen Christ." He stresses the importance of prayer, which does not always have to be formalized.

If there is one shortcoming of this book, it may be that it attempts to integralize too much the Old Testament within itself, the New Testament within itself, and the one with the other. Cooke's own recognition of the nature of faith allows ample room for what was the historical fact, that a common faith can produce a variety of expressions. Amos and Isaiah were both prophets, but it is hard to cast Amos in the role that Isaiah assumed so readily. Resurrection faith led Paul and the authors of the gospels into rather different directions. And so on. But no book can do everything. What it has done it has done well indeed.

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JOHN R. COYNE, JR.

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GARRY WILLS

Student radical—we know the type. Wild, imprecise, destructive. And student conservative?—well, he must be the opposite. Mild, careful of distinctions, non-violent.

Those are the types, all right. The stereotypes. And some students, no doubt, fit them. Yet when a Columbia "rebel," one who occupied a university building, wrote his book—*The Strawberry Statement*—it was funny, civilized, full of irony and self-doubt. I am told James Kunen's book gave its title to a bad movie, but the book itself is eloquent. The author sounds like a younger Archie Goodwin, gone back to school.

Now we get a right-wing answer to that book that lacks the conservative virtues of Kunen's prose. Coyne, a young journalist, tells the story of Berkeley's troubles as he observed them in a year of graduate study (1967-8) there.

The author says, of Berkeley, "I'm the only right-winger I ever met there." He must have been lonely, for he names no individual "leftist," gives no sign of talking to one, getting to know one as an individual. They are all nameless, seen from a distance, an alien mob, "hair long and tangled, their eyes red and running, their faces dirty and often mottled with scabs and open sores." He obviously knows little about them, since he portrays the type as generally fat (they run to gauntness) and thinks they play rock music to indulge in "belly-rubbing dances." (When radical youth dances at all, there is a striking *lack* of touch between partners.)

Though Coyne cannot report the obvious surface facts, he knows exactly what is going on in the minds of radical students and liberal professors—SEX, "goatish fantasies." Faculty members are obsessed with the young thighs and breasts of their female students, and mocked for not having the courage of their sneaky desires; but when a faculty member does go off to live in the new culture, he too is condemned ("the only way he can get his share of young chicks").

Coyne even resents the way dogs copulate around Berkeley (poor things, nobody ever told them it is WRONG), and he stays so distant from the radicals that for a while, one day, he thought human beings copulating in the open *were* dogs. (Odd, that he was close enough to see that the relevant act was not mere kissing, embracing or horseplay, yet not close enough to distinguish the actors).

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In fact, THE ACT obsesses Coyne. One wonders how he knows so well what goes on (all the time, apparently) in the professional mind—or how that mind differs, say, from the ordinary executive's or salesman's. It seems that only professors and radicals have Bad Thoughts in Coyne's world. Even the old black-sex-best stereotypes run (in packs) through Coyne's pages. "As she [a bra-less militant] walked she bounced, much to the delight of a small pack of black militants close on her heels." (Ever try to watch a girl's breasts from a position just behind her heels?—those monstrous radicals must have X-ray vision).

Despite these endless prurient attacks on professors' prurience, Mr. Coyne would have us know he is tough and "with it," guzzling beer with a Hemingway-Kerouac swagger. His skill at scene-setting is all a matter of naming the kinds of beer he drinks in different locales—Colt 45 in New York, Iron City in Pittsburgh, and Carlsberg in Berkeley. Here is our champion of civilized discourse, speaking of a passing radical: "I had long yearned to let him have one in that obscene hanging gut, and every now and then, when I'm especially happy and things are going just right, I vow to go back soon and do it." The moral would seem to be: avoid Mr. Coyne when he is happy. But "happy" is probably a euphemism here, since elsewhere he tells us it is *beer* he needs to nerve him. "I badly wanted to paste him [a university administrator in Iowa] . . . I've made a vow that someday I'll return to Iowa City, tank up on beer at Joe's place, then go over to the administration building. . . ." So the true moral must

REVIEWERS

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be: avoid Mr. Coyne when he is "tanked up." But, to cover all occasions, one might as well make the rule: avoid Mr. Coyne.

The manly desire to punch people (a desire for some reason never fulfilled) runs like a refrain through the book. As early as p. 24 he tells us, "I wanted very much to punch him." On p. 158, just to show he is impartial, he admits that if he saw a policeman shooting at innocent students, he would—what? Disapprove, dissuade, take cover, report the man, bring help? No, you guessed it—"I would have taken a poke at him." Luckily, Coyne never did see such an erring (but armed) cop—his bravery is always reported in the subjunctive.

Mr. Coyne, a hardhat with a degree, is presumably an instructor of the right-wing people, but he warns us that he cannot hold off the more violent if kids keep asking for it: "There's a hell of a lot of them. And they're tough when they're roused, suddenly wild, stomping, gouging, shooting, tough, tough in a way that so far only overseas enemies have seen." The strange relish with which he describes their ferocity belies the sermon's point—that he wants to prevent such an outbreak. How can he want to prevent it?—the hardhats will actually *do* all that punching that remains mere velleity with Coyne.

Advertisements say that Coyne's book does to Berkeley what William Buckley's book did to Yale two decades ago. But *God and Man at Yale* was not full of vain wishes to punch out teachers and students. That book even had wit in it. If Coyne is the best the young right-wing has to offer, then things have deteriorated badly since Buckley's student days.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 339)

May I recall the remarks of T.R. that Justice Holmes who had the audacity to overrule one of T.R.'s projects when he said that the Justice had the "backbone of a chocolate eclair."

Chief Justice Taft and Hughes coming from conservative backgrounds did grow on the bench and did render landmarks and liberal opinions. President Eisenhower was disappointed in some of the decisions of Chief Justice Warren whose appointment was not greeted with wide acclaim, and certainly Justice Brennan has disappointed some of his early supporters. This is the way it should be.

The example comes to mind too of Judge John J. Parker who was nominated to the Court by President Hoover and rejected by the Senate largely because he had acted improperly in a so-called "yellow dog" labor contract. This Republican President with a firm appreciation of history then nominated the great Benjamin Cardozo and the only regrets that I have heard about his service is that it was cut short by his death. The record should indicate however that the sainted Senator from Nebraska, the late George Norris, had the honesty and humility to state in the 40's that he and others who opposed vigorously the appointment of Judge Parker had lived to see the error of their ways because Judge Parker had given fine decisions on many cases which met with their approval. Is it possible that a similar statement could have been made on Judge Haynesworth had he been named to the Supreme Court?

Finally, Mr. Deedy refers to "the folly of sending Goldberg to the UN and of purging Fortas. The two cases may go down in history as the classic example of liberals sacrificing themselves to conservatives." I wished, and I still wish, that Judge Goldberg had remained on the Court. It is a commentary however on his strength and appreciation of the facts of life that he permitted himself to be persuaded to go to the UN and knowing as I think he must have known of the reason why that appointment was urged upon him. I dissent from the view that Justice Fortas was purged by anyone other than himself. It is to be regretted that a man of his ability could not continue to serve on the Supreme Court, but did he not by his own actions forfeit that right. It was and is a tragedy, but some of the reasons for rejecting the first two Nixon nominees had their base (similar reasons) in the tragic case of Justice Fortas.

I think it is unfair to write off the Supreme Court as Mr. Deedy has done. History shows that he could be quite wrong and his evaluation premature.

EDWIN B. PATTERSON

REPLY: I admire Mr. Patterson's positivism, but I am not dissuaded from the view that Mr. Nixon's appointees have put the Supreme Court "firmly in the Establishment's pocket." The indicators continue to mount: the Nov. 23 ruling (North Carolina v. Alford) closing another avenue by which inmates of state prisons might set aside guilty pleas and win new trials or freedom; the Dec. 15 ruling (Evans v. Gwinnett County, Ga.), which clears the way for state courts to admit hearsay evidence against defendants. The votes of Nixon appointees in these decisions prompted the *New York Times'* Fred P. Graham to remark that Mr. Nixon "may have already delivered on his campaign pledge to mold a Supreme Court majority that will take a tougher line on the rights of criminal defendants." My feeling is that this is still only the beginning.

JOHN DEEDY

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